BRENNORALT.

A Tragedy.

Presented at the Private House in Black-Fryers, by His *Majesties* servants.

WRITTEN
By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in St *Pauls* Churchyard.
MDCXLVI.

The Scæne. Poland.

The Actors.

Sigismond —— *King of Poland.*

Miesla.
Melidor. } *Councellors to the King.*
A Lord.

Brennoralt —— *a Discontent.*
Doran —— *His Friend.*

Villanor.
Grainevert. } *Cavaliers and Officers*
Marinell. } *under Brennoralt.*

Stratheman.
Fresolin, Brother to Francelia.
Iphigene — *young Pallatine of Florence.*
Pallatine of Mensecke, Governour, one of the chiefe Rebels.
Pallatine of Tork a Rebell.
Almerin, a gallant Rebell.
Morat, his Lievtenant Coronell.
Francelia, the Governours daughter.
Orilla, a waiting woman to Francelia.
Ragnelin, A servant in the Governors house, but
Spie to Brennoralt.
Iaylor.
Guard.
Souldiers.

Brennoralt.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter *Brennoralt, Doran.*

Brennoralt,

I Say, the Court is but a narrow circuit;
Though ſomthing elevate above the common;
A kind of Ants neſt in the great wilde field,
O're charg'd with multitudes of quick Inhabi-
Who ſtill are miſerably buſied to get in, (tants,
What the looſe foot of prodigality,
As faſt do's throw abroad.

Dor. Good:
A moſt eternall place of low affronts,
And then as low ſubmiſſions.

Bren. Right.
High cowards in revenges 'mongſt themſelves,
And only valiant when they miſchiefe others.
Dor. Stars, that would have no names,
But for the ills they threaten in conjunction.
Bren. A race of ſhallow, and unskilfull Pilots;
Which doe miſguide the Ship even in the calme,
And in great ſtormes ſerve but as weight to ſinke it.
More, prethee more. ——— (*Alarum within.*
'Tis muſique to my melancholy.

Enter *Souldier.*

Sold. My Lord; a cloud of duſt and men
The Sentinels from th' Eaſt gate diſcover;
And as they gueſſe, the ſtorme bends this way.
Bren. Let it be.
Sold. My Lord? ———
Bren. Let it be,
I will not fight to day:
Bid *Stratheman* draw to the trenches.
On, prethee on.
Dor. The King imployes a company of formall beards,
Men, who have no other proofes of their
Long life, but that they are old.
Bren. Right, and if th' are wiſe,
'Tis for themſelves, not others. ——— (*Alarum.*
As old men ever are.

Enter *ſecond Soldier.*

2 *Sold.* Coronell, Coronell;
Th' enemies at hand, kils all the Centries:
Young *Almerin* leads them on agen.
Bren. Let him lead them off agen.
2 *Sold.* Coronell. ———
Bren. Be gone.
If th' art afraid, goe hide thy ſelfe.
2 *Sold.* What a Divell ayles he? —— (*Exit.*
Bren. This *Almerin's* the ague of the Camp:
He ſhakes it once a day.

Dor.

Dor. Hee's the ill conſcience rather:
He never lets it reſt; would I were at home agen.
'Sfoot we lie here i'th' trenches, as if it were
For a winde to carry us into th' other
World: every houre we expect ——;
I'le no more on't.

Bre. Prethee ——

Dor. Not I, by heaven.

Bre. What man! the worſt is but faire death.

Dor. And what will that amount to? A faire Epitaph.
A fine account. —— —— —— I'le home I ſweare.

Enter *Stratheman.*

Stra. Arme, arme my Lord,
And ſhew your ſelfe, all's loſt elſe.

Dor. Why ſo?

Stra. The Rebels like an unruly floud,
Rowle o're the trenches, and throw downe
All before them.

Bre. Ha?

Stra. We cannot make a ſtand.

Bre. He would out-rivall me in honour too,
As well as love; but that he muſt not doe.
Help me *Strathman.* —— (*Puts on Armour.*
The danger now growes worthy of our ſwords;
And, oh *Doran*, I would to heaven there were
No other ſtormes then the worſt tempeſt here. (*Exeunt.*

Enter *Marinell*, throwing downe
one he carries.

Mari. There;
The Sun's the neareſt Surgeon I know,
And the honeſteſt; if thou recovereſt, why ſo:
If not, the cure's paid, they have mauld us.

Enter *Grainvert*, with another
upon his backe.

Grain. A curſe light on this powder:
It ſtayes valour, ere it's halfe way on it's journey:
What a diſadvantage fight we upon in this age?

He that did well heretofore,
Had the broad faire day to ſhew it in:
Witneſſes enough; we muſt beleeve one another ---
'Tis night when we begin:
Eternall ſmoake and ſulpher.
Smalke; by this hand I can beare with thee
No longer; how now? dead as I live;
Stolne away juſt as he us'd to wench.
Well goe thy wayes, for a quiet drinker, and dier,
I ſhall never know thy fellow: (*ſearches his*
Theſe trifles too about thee? *pockets.*
There was never an honeſter poore wretch
Borne I thinke —— look i'th' tother pocket too —— hum,
Marinell.

Mar. Who 's that?

Grani. 'Tis I; how goes matters?

Mar. Scurvily enough;
Yet ſince our Colonell came, th' ave got no ground
Of us; A weake Sculler againſt Winde and Tide,
Would have done as much, harke:
This way the torrent beares. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Freſolin*, *Almerin*, Rebels.

Freſ. The Villaines all have left us.

Alm. Would they had left their feares
Behind them. But come, ſince we muſt ——
Enter *Brennoralt*, *Souldiers.*

Bren. Hoe! *Stratheman*;
Skirt on the left hand with the horſe,
And get betwixt theſe and that Body;
They'r new rallied up for reſcue. *Dor.* Th'are ours.
Brennoralt charges through.
I doe not ſee my game yet. —— —— *Exeunt.*

A ſhout within.

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*, *Stratheman*, *Marinell.*

Bren. What ſhout is that?

Stra. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren.

Bren. *Almerin?* the Divell thanke 'em for 't:
When I had hunted hard all day,
And now at length unhearded the proud Deere,
The Currs have ſnatch't him up, found a Retreat:
There's nothing now behinde. Who ſaw *Doran?*

Str. Shall we bring *Almerin* in?

Bre. No; gazing is low Triumph:
Convey him fairely to the King,
He fought it fairely ———

Dor. What youth was that, whom you beſtrid my Lord,
And ſav'd from all our ſwords to day?
Was he not of the Enemy?

Bre. It may be ſo ———

Str. The Governors Son, *Freſolin*, his Miſtris brother. (*In*

Br. No matter who. 'Tis pitty, the rough hand (*Doran exit.*
Of warre, ſhould early courages deſtroy,
Before they bud, and ſhew themſelves i'th' heate
Of Action ——————————

Mar. I threw (my Lord) a youth upon a banke;
Which ſeeking, after the retreate, I found
Dead, and a woman, the pretty daughter
Of the Forreſter; *Lucillia.*

Bre. See, ſee *Doran*; A ſad experiment:
Woman's the cowardly'ſt and coldeſt thing
The world brings forth: Yet Love, as fire works water,
Makes it boyle o're, and doe things contrary
To 'ts proper nature —— I ſhould ſhed a teare,
Could I tell how —— Ah poore *Lucilia!*
Thou didſt for me what did as ill become thee.
Pray ſee her gently bury'd ———
Boy, ſend the Surgeon to the Tent; I bleed:
What lowſie Cottages th' ave given our ſoules?
Each petty ſtorme ſhakes them into diſorder;
And 't coſts more paines to patch them up ager,
Then they are worth by much. I'm weary of
The Tenement. ———————— *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Villanor*, *Grainevert*, *Marinell*, and *Stratheman*.

Gra. Villanor I welcome, welcome, whence cameſt thou?

Vil. Looke, I weare the Kings high way ſtill on my boots.

Gra. A pretty riding phraſe, and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?

Vil. Faith, reaſonable:
Thoſe toyes were never deare thou know'ſt;
A little time and induſtry they'l coſt;
But in good faith not much: ſome few there are
That ſet themſelves at mighty rates ———

Gra. Which we o'th' wiſe paſſe by,
As things o're-valued in the market.
Is't not ſo? (married.

Vil. Y'have ſaid Sir, Harke you, your friend the Rivals
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is ſuch an aſſe after't.

Gra. Hum.
'Tis ever ſo.
The motions of married people, are as of
Other naturals; violent Gentlemen to the place,
And calme in it.

Mar. We know this too; and yet we muſt be fooling.

Gra. Faith, women are the baggage of life:
They are troubleſome, and hinder us
In the great march, and yet we cannot
Be without 'em.

Mar. You ſpeake very well,
And Souldier-like.

Grain. What? thou art a wit too I warrant,
In our abſence?

Vil. Hum —— no, no, a poore pretender,
A Candidate or ſo, 'gainſt the next Seſſions:
Wit enough to laugh at you here.

Gra. Like enough; valour's a crime:
The wiſe have ſtill reproached unto the valiant,
And the fooles too.

Vil. Raillerie a part, Grainvert;

What

What accommodations ſhall we finde here?
Gra. Cleane ſtraw (ſweet-heart) and meat
When thou canſt get it.
Vil. Hum? ſtraw?
Gra. Yes.
That's all will be betwixt Inceſt:
You, and your mother earth muſt lye together.
V. Prethee let's be ſerious; will this laſt?
How goes affaires?
G. Well.
V. But well?
G. Faith, 'tis now upon the turning of the ballance:
A moſt equall buſineſſe, betwixt Rebellion
And Loyaltie.
V. What doeſt meane?
G. Why; which ſhall be the vertue, and which the vice.
V. How the Divell can that be?
G. Oh: ſucceſſe is a rare paint; hides all the uglines.
V. Prethee, what's the quarrell?
G. Nay, for that excuſe us;
Aske the children of peace.
They have the leiſure to ſtudy it,
We know nothing of it; Liberty they ſay.
V. 'Sfoot, let the King make an Act,
That any man may be unmarried agen;
There's liberty for them. A race
Of half-witted fellowes quarrell about freedome?
And all that while allow the bonds of Matrimony?
G. You ſpeake very well Sir.

Enter *King, Lords, Brennoralt.*

M. Soft; the King and Councell ———
G. Looke, they follow after like tyred ſpannels:
Queſt ſometimes for company; that is, concurre:
And that's their buſines.
M. They are as weary of this ſport
As a young unthrift of's land:
Any bargaine to be rid on't.

V. Can

V. Can you blame them? ——
Who 's that?
M. Brennoralt, our brave Coronell:
A diſcontent, but, what of that? who is not?
V. His face ſpeaks him one.
G. Thou art i' th' right.
He looks ſtill as if he were ſaying to
Fortune; Huſwife, goe about your buſines.
Come, let's retire to *Barathens* Tent.
Taſte a bottle, and ſpeake bold truths;
That's our way now. *Ex. Manet King and Lords.*
Mieſ. —— Thinke not of pardon Sir,
Rigor and mercy us'd in States uncertainly,
And in ill times, looke not like th' effects
Of vertue, but neceſſity: Nor will
They thanke your goodnes, but your feares. ——
Melid. My Lords;
Revenge in Princes ſhould be ſtill imperfect:
It is then handſom'ſt, when the King comes to
Reduce, not Ruine ——
Bre. Who puts but on the face of puniſhing,
And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion:
He makes that flouriſh which he would deſtroy.
Who would not be a Rebell when the hopes
Are vaſte, the feares but ſmall? [*Mel.*] Why, I would not.
Nor you my Lord, nor yon, nor any here.
Feare keeps low ſpirits only in, the brave
Doe get above it, when they doe reſolve.
Such puniſhments in infancy of warre,
Make men more deſperate, not the more yeelding.
The common people are a kind of flyes;
They 're caught with honey, not with wormewood, Sir.
Severity exaſp'rates the ſtirr'd humour;
And State diſtempers turnes into diſeaſes.
Bre. The gods forbid, great Polands State ſhould be
Such as it dares not take right Phyſick. Quarter
To Rebels? Sir! when you give that to them,

Give

Give that to me, which they deſerve. I would
Not live to ſee it ——

3 *Lord.* Turne o're your owne, and other Chronicles,
And you ſhall finde (great Sir)
„ That nothing makes a Civill warre long liv'd,
„ But ranſome and returning backe the brands
Which unextinct, kindled ſtill fiercer fires.

Mieſ. Mercy beſtow'd on thoſe that doe diſpute
With ſwords, do's looſe the Angels face it has,
And is not mercy Sir, but policie;
With a weake vizard on ——.

King. —— —— Y' have met my thoughts
My Lords; nor will it need larger debate.
To morrow, in the ſight of the beſiedg'd,
The Rebell dyes: *Mieſla*, 'tis your care.
The mercy of Heav'n may be offended ſo,
That it cannot forgive: Mortals much more,
Which is not infinite, my Lords. (*Exeunt.*

Enter *Iphigene*, *Almerin* (as in priſon.)

Iph. O *Almarin*; would we had never knowne
The ruffle of the world! but were againe
By Stolden banks, in happy ſolitude;
When thou and I, Shepheard and Shepheardeſſe;
So oft by turnes, as often ſtill have wiſht,
That we as eas'ly could have chang'd our ſex,
As clothes; but (alas!) all thoſe innocent joyes,
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Darke ſullen clouds, before we knew to value
What we had. [*Alme.*] Fame & victory are light (*to himſelf.*
Huſwifes, that throw themſelves into the armes,
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.
To be tane, thus! [*Iph.*] *Almerin* [*Alm.*] nipt 'ith' bud
Of honour! [*Iph.*] My Lord [*Alm.*] Foil'd! & by the man
That doe's pretend unto Francelia!

Iph. What is't you doe, my *Almerin?* ſit ſtill?
And quarrell with the Winds, becauſe there is
A ſhipwrack tow'rds, and never thinke of ſaving

The barke? [*Almer:*] The Barke? What ſhould we doe with
When the rich freight is loſt: my name in armes? (that
Iph. ——— Who knowes
What prizes are behind, if you attend
And waite a ſecond Voyage? [*Almer:*] Never, never:
There are no ſecond Voyages in this,
The wounds of honour doe admit no cure.
Iph. Thoſe ſlight ones which misfortune gives, muſt needs.
Elſe, why ſhould Mortals value it at all?
For who would toyle to treaſure up a wealth;
Which weake inconſtancy did keep, or might
Diſpoſe of? ——— Enter *Melidor.*
Oh my Lord, what newes?
Mel. As ill as your owne feares could give you;
The Councell has decreed him ſudden death,
And all the wayes to mercy are blockt up. (*She weeps*
Almer. My *Iphigene* ——— (*and ſighs.*
This was a misbecomming peece of love:
Women would manage a diſaſter better—— (*Iphig: weeps &*
Againe? thou art unkinde——— (*ſighs agen.*
Thy goodnes is ſo great, it makes thee faulty:
For while thou think'ſt to take the trouble from me,
Thou giveſt me more, by giving me thine too.
Iph. Alas! I am indeed a uſeleſſe trifle;
A dull, dull thing: For could I now doe any thing
But grieve and pitty, I might help: my thoughts
Labour to finde a way; but like to birds
In cages, though they never reſt, they are
But where they did ſet out at firſt ———
Enter *Jaylor.*
Jay. My Lords, your pardon:
The priſoner muſt retire;
I have receiv'd an order from the King,
Denies acceſſe to any.
Iph. ——— He cannot be
So great a Tyrant. [*Almer.*] I thanke him; nor can
He uſe me ill enough: I onely grieve

That I must dye in debt; a Bankrupt: Such
Thy love hath made me: My deare *Iphigene*
Farewell: It is no time for Ceremony.
Shew me the way I must——— (*Exit.*

Iph. Griefe strove with such disorder to get out,
It stopt the passage, and sent backe my words
That were already on the place——— [*Melid.*] stay, there
Is yet a way. [*Iph.*] O speake it [*Mel.*] But there is
Danger in't *Iphigene*, to thee high danger.

Iph. Fright children in the darke with that, and let
Me know it: There is no such thing in nature
If *Almerin* be lost. [*Melid.*] Thus then; You must
Be taken pris'ner too, and by exchange
Save *Almerin*.

Iph. How can that be?

Mel. Why——— (*studies.*
Step in, and pray him set his hand, about (*To the Jaylor.*
This distance; his seale too———

Jay. My Lord, I know not what this is.

Mel. Setling of money-busines, foole, betwixt us.

Jay. If't be no more——— (*Exit.*

Mel. Tell him that *Iphigene* and I desire it:
I'le send by *Strathocles* his servant,
A Letter to *Morat* thus sign'd and seal'd,
That shall informe the sudden execution;
Command him as the only meanes
To save his life, to sallie out this night
Upon the quarters, and endeavour prisoners.
Name you as most secure and slightest guarded,
Best pledge of safety; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoydable;
Least 't should inrage the King yet more,
And make his death more certaine. (*Enter Jaylor with*

Jay. He understands you not (*the writing.*
He sayes; but he has sent it.

Melid. So———

Iph. But

Iph. But ſhould *Morat* miſtruſt now?
Or this miſcarry?
Melid. ——— Come;
Leave it to me; I'le take the Pilots part;
And reach the Port, or periſh in the Art. *(Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene I.

Enter *Almerin* (in priſon.)

Almer. SLeep is as nice as woman;
The more I court it, the more it flies me;
Thy elder brother will be kinder yet,
Unſent for death will come. ——— To morrow ———
Well ——— What can to morrow doe?
'Twill cure the ſenſe of honour loſt ———
I, and my diſcontents ſhall reſt together,
What hurt is there in this?
But death againſt the will,
Is but a ſlovenly kinde of potion;
And though preſcrib'd by Heaven,
It goes againſt mens ſtomacks:
So does it at foureſcore too; when the ſoule's
Mew'd up in narrow darknes;
Neither ſees nor heares, —— piſh, 'tis meer fondnes in our na-
A certaine clowniſh cowardiſe, that ſtill (ture;
Would ſtay at home, and dares not venture
Into forreigne Countries, though better then
It's owne, —— ha, what Countries? for we receive
Deſcriptions of th'other world from our Divines,
As blinde men take relation of this from us:
My thoughts leade me into the darke,
And there they'l leave me, I'le no more on't,
Within. *(Knocks)* ——— *Enter.*
Some paper and a light, I'le write to th' King:

Defie

Defie him, and provoke a quicke diſpatch.
I would not hold this ling'ring doubtfull State
So long againe, for all that hope can give.
Enter 3 of the Guard (with paper and Incke)
That ſword does tempt me ſtrangely —— *(writing.*
Wer't in my hands, 'twere worth th' other two.
But then the Guard, —— it ſleeps or drinks; may be
To contrive it ſo that if I ſhould not paſſe, ——
Why if I fall in't,
'Tis better yet then Pageantry;
Aſcaffold and ſpectators; more ſouldier-like —— *One of the Guard peeps over his ſhoulder.*
Uncivill villaine, read my letter? —— *(Seizes his ſword.*
1 Guar. Not I, not I my Lord.
Alm. Deny it too?
Guar. Murder, murder.
Guar. Arme, arme —— *(The Guard runs out.*
Alm. I'le follow,
Give the alarum with them,
'Tis leaſt ſuſpitious —— *(Arme, arme, arme.*
All — the enemy, the enemy —— *(Enter Soldiers running over the Stage, one throwing away his armes.*
Soul. Let them come.
Let them come.
Let them come —— —— (Enter *Almerin.*
Alm. I heare freſh noiſe,
The camp's in great diſorder: where am I now?
Tis ſtrangely darke — Goddeſſe without eyes
Be thou my guide, for — blindnes and ſight
Are equall ſenſe, of equall uſe, this night.
Enter *Grainevert, Stratheman, Villanor, Marinell.*
Gra. Trouble not thy ſelfe, childe of diſcontent:
Twill take no hurt I warrant thee;
The State is but a little drunke,
And when 'tas ſpued up that that made it ſo,
'Twill be well agen, there's my opinion in ſhort.
Mar. Th' art i'th' right.
The State's a pretty forehanded State,
And will doe reaſon hereafter.

Let's drinke and talke no more on't.

All. ——A good motion, a good motion,
Let's drinke.

Villa. I, I let's drinke agen.

Stra. Come, to a Miſtris.

Gra. Agreed.
Name name.

Villa. Any body.——*Vermilia.*

Gra. Away with it.

Shee's pretty to walke with:
And witty to talke with:
And pleaſant too to thinke on.
But the beſt uſe of all,
Is her health, is a ſtale
And helps us to make us drinke on.

Stra. Excellent.
Gentlemen, if you ſay the word,
Wee'l vant credit, and affect high pleaſure.
Shall we?

Villa. *I, I,* let's do that.

Stra. What thinke ye of the ſacrifice now?

Mar. Come wee'le ha't,——for trickling teares are vaine.

Villa. The ſacrifice? what's that?

Stra. Child of ignorance, 'tis a campe health.
An *A*——*la*——*mode* one. *Grain evert* begin it.

Grain. Come give it me.
Let me ſee ——— (*Pins up a Roſe.*
Which of them this Roſe will ſerve.
Hum, hum, hum.

Bright Star o'th' lower Orbe, twinckeling Inviter,
Which draw'ſt (as well as eyes) but ſet'ſt men righter:
For who at thee begins, comes to the place,
Sooner then he that ſets out at the face:
Eyes are ſeducing lights, that the goodwomen know,
And hang out theſe a nearer way to ſhow.

Mar. Fine, and patheticall:
Come *Villanor.*

Vill. What's the matter?

Mar.

Mar. Come, your liquor, and your ſtanza's.
Lines, Lines.
Villa. Of what?
Mar. Why, of any thing your Miſtris has given you.
Vil. Gentlemen, ſhe never gave me any thing, but a boxe
Oth'eare, for offering to kiſſe her once.
Stra. Of that boxe then
Mar. I, I, that boxe, of that boxe.
Villa. Since it muſt be,
Give me the poyſon then. _____ (*Drinkes and ſpits.*
That boxe, faire Miſtris, which thou gaveſt to me,
In humane gueſſe, is like to coſt me three:
Three cups of Wine, and verſes ſixe,
The Wine will downe, but verſe for rime ſtill ſticks.
By which you all may eaſily Gentiles know,
I am a better drinker then a Po. _____ Enter *Doran.*
Mar. Doran.
Doran.
Gra. A hall, a hall
To welcome our friend
For ſome liquor call,
A new or freſh face,
Muſt not alter our pace,
But make us ſtill drinke the quicker:
Wine, Wine, oh't is divine
Come fill it unto our brother:
What's at the tongues end,
It forth does ſend,
And will not a ſyllable ſmother
Then,
It unlocks the breſt
And throwes out the reſt,
And learnes us to know each other.
Wine, _____ Wine. _____
Dor. Mad lads, have you been here ever ſince?
Stra. Yes faith, thou ſeeſt the worſt of us.
We _____ debauch _____ in diſcipline:
Foure and twenty houres is the time:

Barruthen had the watch to night,
To morrow 'twill be at my Tent.
Dor. Good,
And d' you know what has falne out to night?
Stra. Yes:
Grainevert, and my Lievtenant Coronell:
But they are friends againe.
Dor. Pish, pish ——— the young Palatine of Plocence,
And his grave guardian surpris'd too night,
Carri'd by the enemy out of his quarters.
G. As a chicken by a Kite out of a back side,
Was't not so?
D. Is that all?
G. Yes.
My Coronell did not love him:
He eats sweet meats upon a march too.
D. Well, harke ye;
Worse yet; *Almerin's* gone:
Forc'd the Court of Guard where he was prisoner,
And has made an escape.
G. So pale and spiritlesse a wretch,
Drew *Priams* curtaine in the dead of night,
And told him halfe his Troy was burnt ———
He was of my minde. I would have done so my selfe.
D. Well.
There's high suspitions abroad:
Ye shall see strange discoveries
I'th' Councell of Warre.
G. What Councell?
D. One call'd this morning.
Y' are all sent to.
G. I will put on cleane linnen, and speake wisely.
V. 'Sfoot wee'l have a Round first.
G. By all meanes Sir.

Sings:

Come let the State stay,
And drinke away,
There is no businesse above it:

It

It warmes the cold braine,
Makes us ſpeake in high ſtraine,
Hee's a foole that doe's not approve it.
The Macedon *youth*
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunke, and he fought,
Till he had what he ſought,
The world was his owne by good drinking.
(Exeunt.

Enter *Generall of the Rebels, Palatine of Trocke,*
Palatine of Menſecke, Francelia, Almerin,
Morat, Iphigene.

G. As your friend, my Lord, he has the priviledge of ours,
And may enjoy a liberty we would deny
To enemies.

A. I thanke your Excellence; oh *Iphigene*,
He does not know,
That thou the nobler part of friendſhip hold'ſt,
And doe'ſt oblige, whilſt I can but acknowledge.

Men. Opportunity to Stateſ-men is as the juſt degree
Of heate to Chymiſts ——— it perfects all the worke,
And in this priſ'ner 'tis offer'd.
We now are there, where men ſhould ſtill begin;
To treate upon advantage.
The Palatine of *Trocke*, and *Menſecke*,
With *Almerin*, ſhall to the King;
Petitions ſhall be drawne,
Humble in forme, but ſuch for matter,
As the bold Macedonian youth would ſend
To men he did deſpiſe for luxury.
The firſt begets opinion of the world,
Which looks not far, but on the outſide dwels:
Th' other inforces courage in our owne,
For bold demands muſt boldly be maintain'd.

Pal. Let all goe on ſtill in the publique name,
But keep an eare open to particular offers;
Liberty and publique good are like great *Oleos*

Muſt have the uper end ſtill of our tables,
Though they are but for ſhew.

Fra. Would I had ne're ſeen this ſhape, 't has poyſon in't,
Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there?

Min. —— Preſſe much religion,
For though we dreſſe the ſcruples for the multitude,
And for our ſelves reſerve th' advantages,
(It being much pretext) yet is it neceſſary;
For things of faith are ſo abſtruſe, and nice,
They will admit diſpute eternally:
So how ſo e're other demands appeare,
Theſe never can be prov'd unreaſonable;
The ſubject being of ſo fine a nature,
It not ſubmits it ſelfe to ſenſe, but ſcapes
The trials which conclude all common doubts.

Fra. My Lord, you uſe me as ill Painters paint,
Who while they labour to make faces faire,
Neglect to make them like.

Iphi. Madam, there is no ſhipwracke of your
Vertues neare, that you ſhould throw away
Any of all your excellencies
To ſave the deareſt, modeſty.

Gener. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our expoſitions, and the peoples votes.
If they refuſe us wholy, then we plead,
The King's beſiedged, blockt up ſo ſtraightly
By ſome few, reliefe can find no way
To enter to the King, or to get out to us,
Exclaime againſt it loud,
Till the *Polonians* thinke it high injuſtice,
And wiſh us better yet.
Then eaſily do we riſe unto our ends.
And will become their envy through their pitty.
At worſt you may confirme our party there:
Increaſe it too; there is one *Brennoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a diſcontent:
My Coſen the King hath uſ'd him ill.
Him a handſome whiſper will draw.

The afternoone ſhall perfect
What we have looſely now reſolv'd. ——
Iphi. If in diſcourſe of beauty,
(So large an Empire) I do wonder,
It will become your goodneſſe Madam,
To ſet me right.
And in a country where you your ſelfe is Queene,
Not ſuffer ſtrangers looſe themſelves.
Gener. What, making revenges *Palatine?*
And taking priſoners faire Ladies hearts?
Iphi. Yes my Lord.
And have no better fortune in this Warre,
Then in the other; for while I thinke to take,
I am ſurprized my ſelfe.
Fra. Diſſembler, would thou wert.
M. You are a Courtier my Lord;
The *Palatine* of *Plocence*, (*Almerin*)
Will grace the *Hymeneals*;
And that they may be while his ſtay is here,
I'le court my Lord in abſence;
Take off for you the little ſtrangeneſſes
Virgins weare at firſt, —— (*Iphe ſounds.*
Look to the *Palatine.*
Mer. How is't my deareſt *Iphegene?*
Iph. Not well, I would retire.
G. A qualme.
Lo. His colour ſtole away; ſanke downe,
As water in a weather-glaſſe
Preſt by a warme hand.
Menſ. A cordiall of kind lookes, —— (*Enter a Trum-*
From the King. (*pet blinded.*
M. Let's withdraw,
And heare him. —— *Exit.*

Enter *Brennoralt, Doran, Raguelin.*

Dor. Yes to be married;
What are you mute now?
Bren. Thou cam'ſt too haſtily upon me, put
So cloſe the colours to mine eye, I could

Not ſee. It is impoſſible. [*Dor.*] impoſſible?
If't were impoſſible, it ſhould be otherwiſe,
What can you imagine there of Conſtancy?
Where 'tis ſo much their nature to love change,
That when they ſay but what they are,
They excuſe themſelves for what they doe?
Bren. She hardly knowes him yet, in ſuch an inſtant.
Dor. Oh you know not how fire flies,
When it does catch light matter, woman.
B. No more of that; She is
Yet the moſt precious thing in all my thoughts.
If it be ſo ——————(*Studies.*)
I am a loſt thing in the world *Doran.*
D. How?
Bren. Thou wilt in vaine perſwade me to be other
Life, which to others is a Good that they
Enjoy, to me will be an evill, I
Shall ſuffer in ——————
Dor. Looke on another face, that's preſent remedy.
Bren. How ill thou doeſt conclude?
'Cauſe there are peſtilent ayres, which kill men ſuddenly
In health, muſt there be ſoveraigne as ſuddenly,
To cure in ſicknes? 't never was in nature.
Exit, and
Enters againe haſtily.
Bren. I was a foole to thinke, Death only kept
The doores of ill-pay'd love, when or diſdaine,
Or ſpite could let me out as well ——————
Dor. Right; were *I* as you,
I ſhould no more trouble me
To free my ſelfe of love,
Then to ſpit out that which made me ſicke.
Bren. I le tell her ſo; that ſhe may laugh at me,
As at a priſoner threatning his Guard,
He will breake looſe, and ſo is made the faſter.
She hath charmes. ——————(*Studies*)
Doran can fetch in a rebellious heart,
Ev'n while it is conſpiring liberty.

——— ——— ———Oh ſhe hath all
The vertues of her ſexe, and not the vices,
Chaſte and unſullied, as firſt op'ning Lillies,
Or untouch'd buds ———

Dor. Chaſte? why! do you honour me,
Becauſe *I* throw my ſelfe not off a precipice?
'Tis her ruine to be otherwiſe;
Though we blame thoſe that kill themſelves (my Lord)
We praiſe not him that keeps himſelfe alive,
And deſerves nothing.

Bren. And 'tis the leaſt.
She doe's triumph, when ſhe doe's but appeare:
I have as many Rivals as beholders.

Dor. All that encreaſes but our jealouſies;
If you have now ſuch qualmes for that you have not,
What will you have for that you ſhall poſſeſſe?

Bren. ———Dull hæritique;
Know *I* have theſe, becauſe *I* have not her:
When *I* have her, *I* ſhall have theſe no more.
Her fancy now, her vertue then will governe:
And as *I* uſe to watch with doubtfull eye,
The wavering needie in the beſt Sun-dyall,
Till it has ſetled, then the trouble's o're,
Becauſe *I* know when it is Fixt, it's True:
So here my doubts are all afore me. Sure,
Doran, crown'd Conquerours are but the types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Poſſeſſe, what th'other have in dreames. *I'le* ſend
A challenge to him. ———

Dor. Do, and be thought a mad-man.
To what purpoſe?
If ſhee love him, ſhee will but hate you more.
Lovers in favour (*Brennoralt*) are Gameſters
In good fortune; the more you ſet them,
The more they get.

Bren. *I'le* ſee her then this night, by Heaven *I* will.

Dor. Where? in the Cittadell?

Bren. Know what, and why. ———

Dor. He raves, *Brennoralt*?
Bren. Let me alone.——
I conjure thee, by the diſcretion
Left betwixt us, (that's thine,
For mine's devour'd by injuries of fortune,)
Leave me to my ſelfe.
Dor. I have done.
Bren. Is there ſuch a paſſage,
As thou haſt told me of, into the Caſtle?
Rag. There is my Lord.
Bren. And dar'ſt thou let me in?
Rag. If you my Lord will venture.
Bren. There are no Centry's neare it.
Rag. None.
Bren. How to the chamber afterward?
Rag. Her woman.
Bren. What's ſhee?
Rag. A wicket to my Ladies ſecrets,
One that ſtands up to marriage with me.
Bren. There——upon thy life be ſecret.—— (*flings a purſe.*
Rag. Elſe,——All puniſhment to ingratitude.——
Bren. Enough,
I am a ſtorme within till I am there,
Oh *Doran*!
That that, which is ſo pleaſant to behold,
Should be ſuch paine within!
Dor. Poore *Brennoralt!*
Thou art the Martyr of a thouſand tyrants:
Love, Honour, and Ambition raigne by turnes,
And ſhew their power upon thee.
Bren. Why, let them; I'm ſtill *Brennoralt*: "Ev'n Kings
"Themſelves, are by their ſervants rul'd ſometimes;
"Let their own ſlaves govern them at odde houres:
"Yet not ſubject their Perſons or their Powers.
Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Iphigene* (*as in a Garden*)

Iphi. WHat have I got by changing place?
But as a wretch which ventures to the Wars,
Seeking the misery with paine abroad,
He found, but wisely thought h'had left at home.
Fortune thou hast no tyranny beyond
This usage. ——————————— (*Weepes*
Would I had never hop't
Or had betimes dispair'd, let never in
The gentle theife, or kept him but a guest,
Not made him Lord of all.
Tempests of wind thus (as my stormes of griefe
Carry my teares, which should relieve my heart)
Have hurried to the thankelesse Ocean clouds
And showers, that needed not at all the curtesie;
When the poore plaines have languish't for the want,
And almost burnt asunder. ——
I'le have this Statues place, and undertake
At my own charge to keepe the water full. — (*Lies down.*

Enter *Francelia.*

Fran. These fond impressions grow too strong upon me,
They were at first without designe or end;
Like the first Elements, that know not what
And why they act, and yet produce strange things;
Poore innocent desires, journeying they know
Not whether: but now they promise to themselves
Strange things, grow insolent, threaten no rest
Till they be satisfied.
What difference was between these Lords?
The one made love, as if he by assault
Would take my heart, so forc't it to defence;
While t'other blew it up with secret mines,
And left no place for it, here he is. ——

Teares

Teares ſteale too from his eyes,
As if not daring to be knowne
To paſſe that way: make it good, cunning griefe
Thou knowſt thou couldſt not dreſſe thy ſelfe
In any other lookes, to make thee lovely. (*ſpies Francelia*)
Iphi. Francelia
If through the ignorance of places,
I have intruded on your privacies,
Found out forbidden paths; 'tis fit you pardon, Madam:
For 'tis my melancholly, not *I*, offends.
Fran. So great a melancholly would well become
Miſchances, ſuch as time could not repaire:
Thoſe of the warre, are but the petty cures
Of every comming hower.——
Iphi. Why ſhould *I* not tell her all? ſince 'tis in her
To ſave my life; who knowes but ſhe may be
Gallant ſo far, as to undo her ſelfe
To make another happy? —— Madam,
The accidents of war contribute leaſt
To my ſad thoughts, (if any ſuch *I* have)
——*Impriſonment* can never be——
Where the place holds what we muſt love, and yet——
Fran. My Lord?
Iphi. In this impriſonment.——
Fran. Proceed my Lord:
Iphi. I dare not Madam.
Fran. I ſee *I* do diſturbe you, and enter upon ſecrets——
Which when *I* know, *I* cannot ſerve you in them.
Iphi. Oh moſt of any
You are the cauſe of all.
Fran. I my Lord?
Iphi. You Madam —— you alone.
Fran. Alas! that 'tis too ſoone to underſtand.
Iphi. Muſt not you marry *Almerin*?
Fran. They tell me 'tis deſign'd.
Iphi. If he have you, *I* am for ever loſt
Fran. ——Loſt?
The Heavens forbid they ſhould deſigne ſo ill!

Or

Or when they ſhall, that *I* ſhould be the cauſe.
Iphi. Ha! her eyes are ſtrangely kind,
Shee prompts me excellently,
Stars be propitious, and *I* am ſafe.
——A way *I* not expected.
Fran. His paſſion labours for vent.
Iphi. *I*s there a hope you will not give your ſelfe
To *Almerin*?
Fran. My Lord this ayre is common,
The walkes within are pleaſanter. —— (*Exit.*
Iphi. —— *I*nvitation!
God of deſires, be kind, and fill me now
With language; ſuch thou lend'ſt thy Favourites,
When thou wouldſt give them eaſie victories:
And *I* forgive thee, all thy cruelties. —— (*Exit. after.*

Enter *Pallatine* of *Trock*, *Menſeck*, *Almerin*, *Brennoralt*, Lords.

Menſ. ——Conſider too, that thoſe
Who are neceſſitated to uſe violence,
Have firſt been violent by neceſſity.
Pall. ——But ſtill you judge not right
" Of the Prerogative; " For oft it ſtands
" With Pow'r and Law, as with our Faith and Reaſon:
" It is not all againſt, that is above. (*my Lord.*)
2. *Lord.* You *Lithuanians* had of all leaſt reaſon;
For would the King be unjuſt to you, he cannot:
Where there's ſo little to be had.——
Almer. Where there is leaſt, there's liberty (*my Lord.*)
And 'tis more injurie to pull haires
From the bald, then from the buſhy heads. (*They go off talking.*
Pall. of *Tro. Brennoralt* —— a word (*Trock puts Brennoralt.*
My Lord, the world hath caſt its eye upon you,
And mark'd you out one of the formoſt men:
Y'have buſied fame the earelieſt of any,
And ſend her ſtill on errands.
Much of the bravery of your nation,
Has taken up it's lodging in you.
And gallant men but coppy from you.

Bren.

Bren. 'Tis goodly language this, what would it meane?
Pall. of *Tro.* The *Lithuanians* wiſh you well, and wonder
So much deſert ſhould be ſo ill rewarded.
Bren. Good.
Pall. While all the guifts the Crown is Miſtris of,
Are plac'd upon the empty———
Bren. Still I take yon not.
P. Then to be plaine; our Army would be proud of you:
Pay the neglected ſcores of merit double.
All that you hold here of command, and what
Your fortune in this Sigiſmund has ſuffer'd,
Repaire, and make it fairer then at firſt.
Bren. How?
Then nothing, Lord; trifle below ill language:
How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour?
Pall. My Lord?
Bren. Do'ſt thinke 'cauſe I am angry
With the King and State ſometimes
I am fallen out with vertue, and my ſelfe?
Draw, draw, or by goodneſſe———
P What meanes your Lordſhip?
Bren Draw I ſay.
——— He that would thinke me a villaine, is one:
And I do weare this toy, to purge the world
Of ſuch. Th'have ſav'd thee, wert thou good natur'd
Thou wouldſt love the King the better during life.
K. If they be juſt, they call for gracious anſwers:
Speedy, (how e're) we promiſe.
All. Long live great *Sigiſmond.*
Bren. ——— The *Lithuanians* Sir,
Are of the wilder ſort of creatures, muſt
Be rid with Cavilons, and with harſh curbs.
And ſince the war can only make them tride,
What can be uſed but ſwords? where men have fal'ne
From not reſpecting Royalty, unto
A liberty of offending it: what though
Their numbers (poſſibly) equall yours Sir?
And now forc't by neceſſity, like Catts

Ent. K. of Pol. Lords, Meſſa.

(*They all kiſſe the* (*Kings hand.*

In

In narrow roomes, they fly up in your face?
Thinke you Rebellion and Loyalty
Are empty names? and that in Subjects hearts
They don't both give, and take away the courage?
Shall we beleeve there is no difference
In good and bad? that there's no punishment,
Or no protection? forbid it Heaven!
If when great *Polands* honour, safety too,
Hangs in dispute, we should not draw our Swords,
Why were we ever taught to weare 'em Sir?

Mi. This late commotion in your Kingdom Sir,
Is like a growing Wen upon the face,
Which as we cannot looke one but with trouble,
So take't away we cannot but with danger.
War there hath fouleſt face, and I moſt feare it
Where the pretence is fair'ſt. Religion
And Liberty, moſt ſpecious names, they urge;
Which like the Bils of ſubtle Mountebankes,
Fill'd with great promiſes of curing all,
——— ——— Though by the wiſe,
Paſſ'd by unread as common coſenage,
Yet, By th'unknowing multitude they're ſtill
Admir'd, and flock't unto. ———

K. Is there no way
To diſabuſe them? [*Melid*] All is now too late.
" The vulgar in Religion are like
" Unknown Lands; thoſe that firſt poſſeſſe them, have them.
Then, Sir, conſider, juſtneſſe of Cauſe is nothing:
When things are riſen to the point they are;
'Tis either not examin'd or beleev'd
Among the Warlike. ———
The better cauſe the *Grecians* had of *Troy*,
Yet were the Gods themſelves divided in't;
And the foule raviſher found as good protection
As the much injur'd husband. ———
Nor are you Sir aſſur'd of all behinde you:
For though your Perſon in your Subjects hearts
Stands highly honour'd, and belov'd, yet are

There

There certaine *Acts* of State, which men call grievances
Abroad; and though they bare them in the times
Of peace, yet will they now perchance, ſeeke to
Be free, and throw them off. " For know Dread Sir,
" The Common People are much like the Sea,
" That ſuffers things to fall and ſinke unto
" The bottome in a Calme, which in a Storme
" Stird and inraged, it lifts, and does keep up
Then; Time diſtempers cures more ſafely Sir,
Then Phyſick does, or inſtant letting-bloud:
Religion now is a young Miſtris there,
For which each man will fight, and dye at leaſt;
Let it alone a while, and 'twill become
A kind of marry'd wife: people will be
Content to live with it in quietneſſe.
(If that at leaſt may be) my voyce is therefore Sir,
For Peace. ———

Mieſ. Were Sir the queſtion ſimply War or Peace,
It were no more then ſhortly to be askt,
Whether we would be well or ill:
Since War the ſickneſſe of the Kingdome is,
And Peace the health: But here *I* do conceive
'Twill rather lye, whether we had not better,
Endure ſharpe ſickneſſe for a time, to enjoy
A perfect ſtrength, then have it languiſh on us:
For Peace and War in an inceſtuous line,
Have ſtill begot each other. ———
Thoſe men that highly now have broke all Lawes,
(The great one only 'tis 'twixt man and man)
What ſafety can they promiſe, though you give it?
Will they not ſtill ſuſpect, (and juſtly too)
That all thoſe civill bonds (new made) ſhould be
Broken againe to them? ſo being ſtill
In feares and jealouſies themſelves, they muſt
Infect the People: " For in ſuch a caſe
" The private ſafety is the publike trouble.
Nor will they ever want Prætext; " Since he
" That will maintaine it with his Sword hee's iniur'd,

" May

"May say't at any time ——— ———
Then Sir, as terrible as war appeares,
My vote is for't; nor shall *I* ever care
How ugly my Physitians face shall be,
So he can doe the cure.

Lord. In entring phisique,
I thinke, Sir, none so much considers
The Doctors face, as his owne body.
To keep on foot the warre with all your wants,
Is to let bloud, and take strong potions,
In dangerous sicknesse.

K. I see, and wonder not to finde, my Lords,
This difference in opinion; the subject's large:
Nor can we there too much dispute, where when
We erre, 'tis at a Kingdomes charges; Peace
And warre are in themselves indifferent,
And time doth stamp them either good or bad:
But here the place is much considerable;
"Warre in our owne is like to too much heate
"Within, it makes the body sicke; when in
"Another Countrey, 'tis but exercise;
"Conveighs that heat abroad, and gives it health.
To that *I* bend my thoughts; but leave it to
Our greater Councell, which we now assemble:
Meane time exchange of pris'ners only we
Assent unto ———

Lord. Nothing of Truce Sir? [*K.*] No: wee'l not take up
Quiet at int'rest: Perfect Peace, or nothing.
"Cessations for short times in warre, are like
"Small fits of health, in desp'rate maladies:
"Which while the instant paine seemes to abate,
"Flatters into debauch and worse estate. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene as leading to her chamber Francelia; Servants with lights; Morat, and another Souldier.

Iph. *I* have not left my selfe a faire retreate,
And must be now the blest object
Of your love, or subject of your scorne.

Fran. I feare ſome treacherie;
And that mine eyes have given intelligence.
Unleſſe you knew there would be weak defence,
You durſt not thinke of taking in a heart,
As ſoone as you ſet downe before it.

Iph. Condemne my Love not of ſuch fond ambition,
It aymes not at a conqueſt,
But exchange, *Francelia* —— (*whiſper.*

Mor. They 're very great in this ſhort time.

Sol. 'Tis ever ſo:
Young and handſome
Have made acquaintances in nature:
So when they meet, they have the leſſe to doe.
It is for age or uglines to make approaches,
And keep a diſtance.

Iph. When I ſhall ſee other perfection,
Which at the beſt will be but other vanity,
Not more, I ſhall not love it ——

Fran. 'Tis ſtill one ſtep not to deſpaire, my Lord.
Exeunt Iphig. Fran. ſervants.

Morat. Doeſt thinke he will fight?

Sold. Troth it may be not:
Nature, in thoſe fine peeces, does as Painters;
Hangs out a pleaſant Excellence
That takes the eye, which is indeed,
But a courſe canvas in the naked truth,
Or ſome ſlight ſtuffe.

Morat. I have a great minde to taſte him.

Sold. Fy! a Priſoner?

Morat. By this hand if I thought —— (*Enter Iphig: waiting woman comming after him.*
He courted my Coronels Mrs in earneſt.

Wom. My Lord, my Lord,
My Lady thinks the Geſſimine walks
Will be the finer, the freſhnes
f th' morning takes of the ſtrength
O' th' heate ſhe ſayes.

Iph. 'Tis well.

Mor. Mewe —— doe it ſo? I ſuſpect vildly,
Wee 'l follow him, and ſee if he be

So farre quallified towards a ſouldier,
As to drinke a craſh in's chamber—(*Raguelin puls the waiting woman backe.*
R. Where are thoſe keyes?
Wom. Harke you, I dare not doe it.
R. How?
Wom. My Lady will finde ——
R. Scruples?
Are my hopes become your feares?
There was no other way I ſhould be any thing
In this lewd world, —— and now ——
'Sfoot, I know ſhe longs to ſee him too.
Wom. Does ſhe?
R. Doe you thinke he would deſire it elſe?
Wom. I, but ——
R. Why, let me ſecure it all.
I'le ſay I found the Keyes, or ſtole them: Come—
Wom. Well, if you ruine all now ——
Here, theſe enter the garden from the works,
That the privy walks and that the backe ſtaires.
Then you know my chamber.
R. Yes I know your chamber. —— *Exeunt*

Enter Brennorult.

Bren. He comes not.
One wiſe thought more, and *I* returne:
I cannot in this act ſeperate the fooliſh
From the bold ſo farre; but ſtill it taſts a' th' raſh.
Why let it taſte, it taſts of love too;
And to all actions 't gives a pretty relliſh, that.

Enter Raguelin.

Rag. My Lord?
Bren. Oh —— here.
Rag. 'Sfoot y' are upon our Centries.
Move on this hand. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter (agen) Bren. and Ragu.

Bren. Where are we now?
Ra. Entring part of the Fort,
Your Lordſhip muſt be wet a little. —— *Exunt.*

Enter (againe.)

Bren. Why are there here no guards?

Ra. There needs none:
You presently must passe a place,
Where one's an Army in defence,
*I*t is so steep and strait.

Bren. 'Tis well.

Ra. These are the steps of danger;
Looke to your way my Lord.

Bren. *I* doe not find such difficulty.

Francelia (as in a bed.)

Bren. Waite me here abouts——— *(he drawes the*
So Misers looke upon their gold, *(curtaines.*
Which while they joy to see, they feare to loose:
The pleasure of the sight scarse equalling,
The jealousie of being dispossest by others;
Her face is like the milky way i'th' skie,
A meeting of gentle lights without name.
Heavens! shall this fresh ornament
Of the world; this precious lovelines
Passe with other common things
Amongst the wasts of time, what pity 't were. *(She wakes.*

Franc. Blesse me!
*I*s it a Vision, or *Brennoralt*?

Bren. *Brennoralt*, Lady.

Franc. *Brennoralt*? innocence guard me;
What is 't you have done my Lord?

Bren. Alas *I* were in too good estate,
*I*f *I* knew what *I* did.
But why aske you Madam?

Fran. *I*t much amazes me to thinke
How you came hither.
And what could bring you to indanger thus
My honour, and your owne life?
Nothing but saving of my brother
Could make me now preserve you.

Bren. Reproach me not the follies, you your selfe
Make me commit———

I am

I am reduc'd to ſuch extremity,
That love himſelfe (high tyrant as he is)
If he could ſee would pity me.
Fran. I underſtand you not.
Bren. Would heaven you did, for 't is a paine to tell you:
I come t'accuſe you of injuſtice (Madam)
You firſt begot my paſſion, and was
Content (at leaſt you ſeem'd ſo) it ſhould live;
Yet ſince would ne're contribute unto it,
Not looke upon 't, as if you had deſired,
Its being for no other end; but for
The pleaſure of its ruine ———
Fran. Why doe you labour thus to make me guilty of
An injury to you, which when it is one,
All mankinde is alike ingag'd, and muſt
Have quarrell to me?
Bren. I have done ill; you chide me juſtly (Madam)
He lay 't not on you, but on my wretched ſelfe.
For I am taught that heavenly bodies
Are not malicious in their influence,
But by the diſpoſition of the ſubject.
They tell me you muſt marry *Almerin*:
Sure ſuch excellence ought to be
The recompence of vertue;
Not the ſacrifice of Parents wiſedome,
Should it not Madam?
Fran. 'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwiſe.
Br. And ſhall he have you then that knew you yeſterday?
Is there in martyrdome no juſter way?
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time, ſhould have the Crowne from them
That have indur'd the flame with conſtancy?
Fran. If the diſcovery will eaſe your thoughts
My Lord; know *Almerin* is as the man
I never ſaw. [*Bren.*] You doe not marry then?
Condemned men thus heare, and thus receive
Repreeves. One queſtion more, and I am gone.
Is there to latitude of eternity

A hope for *Brennoralt?*

Fran. My Lord?

Bren. Have *I* a place at all,
When you doe thinke of men?

Fran. My Lord, a high one,
I muſt be ſingular did *I* not value you:
The world does ſet great rates upon you,
And you have firſt deſerv'd them.

Bren. *Is* this all?

Fran. All.

Bren. Oh be leſſe kinde, or kinder:
Give me more pity, or more cruelty, *Francelia.*
I cannot live with this, nor die ——

Fran. *I* feare my Lord,
You muſt not hope beyond it.

Bren. Not hope? This, ſure, is not the body to *(views himſelfe.*
This ſoule; it was miſtaken, ſhufled in
Through haſte: Why (elſe) ſhould that have ſo much love,
And this want lovelineſſe, to make that love
Receiv'd? —— I will raiſe honour to a point,
It never was —— do things *(ſtudies.*
Of ſuch a vertuous greatneſſe ſhe ſhall love me.
She ſhall — *I* will deſerve her, though
I have her not: There's ſomething yet in that.
Madam, wilt pleaſe you, pardon my offence?
—— —— (Oh Fates!
That *I* muſt call thus my affection!)

Fran. *I* will doe any thing ſo you will thinke
Of me, and of your ſelfe (my Lord) and how
Your ſtay indangers both — [*Bren.*] Alas!
Your pardon is more neceſſary to
My life, then life to me: but *I* am gone.
Bleſſings, ſuch as my wiſhes for you, in
Their extaſies, could never reach, fall on you.
May ev'ry thing contribute to preſerve
That exc'lence (my deſtruction) till't meet joyes
*I*n love, great as the torments *I* have in't. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. WHy ſo, 'tis well, Fortune *I* thanke thee ſtill,
I dare not call thee villaine neither.
'Twas plotted from the firſt,
That's certaine, —— it looks that way?
Hum ——— caught in a trap?
Here's ſomething yet to truſt to ——— *(To his ſword.*
This was the entry, theſe the ſtaires:
But whether afterwards?
He that is ſure to periſh on the land,
May quit the nicetie of Card and Compaſſe:
And ſafe, to his diſcretion, put to Sea:
He ſhall have my hand to't. *Exit.*

Enter Raguelin, Orilla, (the waiting-woman.

Ra. Looke:
By this light 'tis day.
Oril. Not by this, by t' other 'tis indeed.
Ra. Thou art ſuch another peece of temptation.
My Lord raves by this time,
A hundred to one the Centinells
Will diſcover us too,
Then *I* doe pay for night-watch.
Oril. Fie upon thee,
Thou art as fearfull as a young colt;
Bogleſt at every thing, foole.
As if Lovers had conſidered houres: *I'*le peep in -- *(She peeps*
Ra. *I* am as weary of this wench,
As if *I* were married to her:
She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a horſe ——
She's as common too, as a Barbers glaſſe ———
Conſcienc't too like a Dy-dapper.
Orilla. ——— there's no body within:

My

My Lady ſleeps this houre at leaſt.

Ra. Good, the Divel's even with me ——
Not be an honeſt man neither —— *Enter Bren. & a guard.*
What courſe now?

S. Nay Sir, we ſhall order you now.

Bren. Dogges. —— *Enter Freſolin.*

Freſ. What tumult's this — ha! *Brennoralt*! 'tis he
In ſpite of his diſguiſe: what makes he here?
Hee's loſt for ever if he be diſcover'd;
How now companions, why doe you uſe my friend thus?

S. Your friend my Lord? if he be your friend
H'as us'd us as ill:
H' has plaid the Divell amongſt us.
Six of our men are Surgeons worke this moneth;
We found him climbing the walls.

2 *S.* He had no word neither,
Nor any language but a blow.

Freſ. You will be doing theſe wilde things (my Lord)
Good faith y' are too blame, if y' had deſir'd
To view the walls, or Trenches, 't was but
Speaking; we are not nice:
I would my ſelfe have waited on you:
Th' are the new out-workes you would ſee perchance.
Boy, bring me blacke Tempeſt round about,
And the gray Barbary; a Trumpet come along too;
My Lord, wee'l take the neerer way,
And privater, here through the Sally-Port.

Bren. What a Divell is this? ſure *I* dreame —— *Exeunt.*

S. Now, you are ſo officious. *(Manet Sold.*

2 *S.* Death! could *I* gueſſe he was a friend?

S. 'Twas ever to be thought,
How ſhould he come there elſe?

2 *S.* Friend or no friend, he might have left us
Something to pay the Surgeon with:
Grant me that, or *I* le beat you to't. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Freſolin, and Brennoralt.

Freſ. *Brennoralt* —— ſtart not:
I pay thee backe a life I owe thee;

And

And bleſſe my Starres, they gave me power to do't;
The debt lay heavy on me.
A horſe waits you there ——— a Trumpet too,
(Which you may keep, leaſt he ſhould prate)
No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.

Bren. Thou haſt aſtoniſh't me:
Thy youth hath triumph'd in one ſingle act,
O're all the age can boaſt; and I will ſtay
To tell thee ſo, were they now firing all
Their Cannons on me; farewell gallant *Freſolin:*
And may reward, great as thy vertue, crowne thee.

Exeunt diverſe wayes.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Fran. A peace will come,
And then you muſt be gone;
And whither when you once are got upon the wing,
You will not ſtoop to what ſhall riſe,
Before ye flye to ſome lure
With more temptation garniſht, is a ſad queſtion.

Iph. Can you have doubts, and *I* not my feares?
By this — the readieſt and the ſweeteſt oath, *I* ſweare
I cannot ſo ſecure my ſelfe of you,
But in my abſence *I* ſhall be in paine.
I have caſt up what it will be to ſtand
The Governors anger; and which is more hard,
The love of *Almerin.*
I hold thee now but by thy owne free grant,
A ſlight ſecuritie, alas it may fall out,
Giving thy ſelfe, not knowing thine owne worth,
Or want of mine, thou mayſt, like Kings deceiv'd,
Reſume the gift on better knowledge backe.

Fran. If *I* ſo eas'ly change, *I* was not worth your love,
And by the loſſe you 'l gaine.

Iph. But when y'are irrecoverably gone,
'Twill be ſlight comfort to perſwade my ſelfe
You had a fault, when all that fault muſt be
But want of love to me; and that agen
Finde in my much defect, ſo much excuſe,

That

That it will have no worſe name
Then diſcretion, if inconcern'd doe
Caſt it up —— I muſt have more aſſurance.
Franc. You have too much already:
And ſure my Lord you wonder, while I bluſh,
At ſuch a growth in young affections.
Iphi. Why ſhould I wonder (Madam.)
Love that from two breaſts ſucks,
Muſt of a child quickly become a Giant.
Dances in love ſtay at the Alphabet,
Th' inſpir'd know all before; —— { *Enter waiting woman.*
And doe begin ſtill higher.
Woman. Madam;
Almerin, returned, has ſent to kiſſe
Your hands. I told him you were buſie.
Franc. Muſt I my Lord be buſy?
I may be civill though not kind.
Tell him I wait him in the Gallery.
Iphi. May I not kiſſe your hand this night? (*Whiſper*)
Franc. The world is full of jealous eyes my Lord:
And were they all lockt up; you are a ſpye
Once entred in my chamber at ſtrange houres.
Iphi. The vertue of *Francelia* is too ſafe,
To need thoſe little arts of preſervation.
Thus to divide our ſelves, is to diſtruſt our ſelves.
A Cherubin diſpatches not on earth
Th' affaires of heaven with greater innocence,
Then I will viſit; 'tis but to take a leave,
I begg.
Franc. When you are going my Lord —— *Exeunt.*
Enter Almerin, Morat.
Almer. Piſh. Thou lieſt, thou lieſt.
I know he playes with woman kind, not loves it.
Thou art impertinent ——
Mor. 'Tis the campe talke my Lord though.
Al. The camp's an aſſe, let me hear no more on't
Exeunt (Talking.)

Enter

Enter Granivert. Villanor. Marinel.

Grani. And ſhall we have peace?
I am no ſooner ſober, but the State is ſo too:
If't be thy will, a truce for a month only.
I long to refreſh my eyes; by this hand
They have been ſo tyr'd with looking upon faces
Of this country.

Villa. And ſhall the *Donazella*
To whom we wiſh ſo well-a
Look Babies agen in our eyes-a?

Grani. Ah---- a ſprightly girle above fifteen
That melts when a man but takes her by the hand!
Eyes full, and quick; with breath
Sweet as double violets,
And wholeſome as dying leaves of Strawberries.
Thick ſilken eye-browes, high upon the fore-head;
And cheeks mingled with pale ſtreaks of red,
Such as the bluſhing morning never wore. ——

Villa. Oh my chops; my chops;

Grani. With narrow mouth, ſmall teeth,
And lips ſwelling, as if ſhe pouted ——

Villa. Hold, hold, hold;

Grani. Haire curling, and cover'd, like buds of *Marioram*,
Part tyed in negligence
Part looſely flowing ——

Marin. Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!

Grani. In pinck colour taffata petticoate,
Lac't ſmock-ſleeves dangling;
This viſion ſtolne from her own bed
And ruſtling in ones chamber ——

Villa. Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.

Grani. With a waxe candle in her hand,
Looking as if ſhe had loſt her way;
At twelve at night.

Marin. Oh any hower, any hower.

Grani. Now I thinke on't, by this hand
Ile marry, and be long liv'd.

Villa Long liv'd? how?

Grani.

Grain. Oh, he that has a Wife, eats with an appetite,
'Has a very good ſtomacke to't firſt:
This living at large is very deſtructive,
Variety is like rare ſawces; provokes too far,
And draws on ſurfets, more then th'other.

Enter Doran.

Dor. So; is this a time to foole in?

G. What's the matter?

Dor. Draw out your choiſe men, and away to
Your Coronell immediately. There's worke
Towards my boyes, there's worke.

Grain, Art in earneſt?

Dor. By this light.

Grain. There's ſomething in that yet.

This moiety Warre
Twilight,
Neither night nor day,
Pox upon it:
A ſtorme is worth a thouſand
Of your calme;
There's more variety in it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Francelia, as talking earneſtly.

Alm. Madam, that ſhewes the greatnes of my paſſion.

Fran. The imperfection rather: Jealouſie's
No better ſigne of love (my Lord) then feavers are
Of Life; they ſhew there is a Being, though
Impair'd, and periſhing: and that, affection
But ſicke and in diſorder. *I* like't not.
Your ſervant. ——— ——— *Exit.*

Al. So ſhort and ſowre? the change is viſible.

Enter Iphigene.

Iph. Deare *Almerin* welcome, y' have been abſent long.

Alm. Not very long.

Iph. To me it hath appeared ſo;
What ſayes our Camp? am *I* not blamed there?

Alm. They wonder ———

Iph. While we ſmile ——
How have you found the King inclining?

Alm. Well.

Alm. Well.
The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.
Things are where they were;
'T has a kind of face of peace,
You my Lord may when you pleaſe returne.
Iph. I *Almerin?*
Alm. Yes my Lord, *I'*le give you an eſcape.
Iph. 'Tis leaſt in my deſires.
Alm. Hum!
Iph. Such priſons are beyond all liberty.
Alm. Is't poſſible?
Iph. Seemes it ſtrange to you?
Alm. No, not at all
What? you finde the Ladies kinde?
Iph. Civill ——— (*ſmiles.*
A. You make love well too they ſay (my Lord.)
Iph. Paſſe my time.
Alm. Addreſſe unto *Francelia?*
Iph. Viſit her.
Al. D' you know ſhe is my Miſtres, Pallatine?
Iph. Ha?
Alm. D' you know ſhe is my Miſtreſſe?
Iph. *I* have been told ſo.
Alm. And doe you court her then?
Iph. Why? ——— (*ſmiles.*
If *I* ſaw the enemy firſt,
Would you not charge?
Alm. He doe's allow it too by Heaven:
Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a heart,
Falſe as thy title to *Francelia.*
Or as thy friendſhip: which with this *I* doe ——— (*drawes.*
Throw by ——— draw.
Iph. What doe you meane?
Alm. *I* ſee the cunning now of all thy love,
And why thou cameſt ſo tamely kinde,
Suffering ſurpriſe. Draw.
Iph. *I* will not draw, kill me;
And *I* ſhall have no trouble in my death,

Knowing

Knowing 'tis your pleaſure:
As I ſhall ha ve no pleaſure in my life
Knowing it is your trouble.
Alm. Oh poor —— I lookt for this.
I knew th' wouldſt find 'twas eaſier to doe a wrong
Then juſtifie it -- but ——
Iphi. I will not fight —— heare me:
If *I* love you not more, then *I* love her;
If *I* doe love her more then for your ſake;
Heaven ſtrangely puniſh me.
Alm. Take heed how thou doſt play with heaven.
Iphi. By all that's juſt, and faire, and good,
By all that you hold deare, and men hold great;
I never had laſcivious thought, or ere
Did action that might call in doubt my love
To *Almerin*.
Alm. That tongue can charme me into any thing;
I doe beleev't, prethee be wiſer then.
Give me no further cauſe of jealouſie,
Hurt not mine honour more, and *I* am well.
Iphi. But well —— Of all
Our paſſions, *I* wonder nature made
The worſt, foule jealouſie, her favorite.
And if it be not ſo, why took ſhe care
That every thing ſhould give the monſter Nouriſhment,
And left us nothing to deſtroy it with?
Alm. Prethee no more, thou plead'ſt ſo cunningly
I feare *I* ſhall be made the guilty
And need thy pardon.
Iphi. If you could read my heart you would.
I will be gone to morrow if that will ſatisfie. *I*ndeed
I ſhall not reſt untill my innocence
Be made as plain as objects to the ſence.
Alm. —— —— —— Come;
You ſhall not goe, *I*le think upon't no more.
"Diſtruſts ruine not friendſhip,
"But build it fairer then it was before ——

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Brennoralt: Captaines, Stratheman: Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every company;
For many hands are theeves, and rob the glory,
While they take their ſhare. how goes the night?

Stra. Halfe ſpent my Lord.
We ſhall have ſtraight,
The Moones weaker light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the officers.
Friends, if you were men that muſt be talkt
*I*nto a courage, *I* had not choſen you;
Danger with its vizard, oft before this time
Y' have look'd upon, and out-fac'd it too;
We are to doe the trick agen, that's all.
Here _____ (drawes his ſword)
And yet we will not ſweare:
For he that ſhrinks in ſuch an action
*I*s damn'd without the help of perjury.
Doran; if from the virgin tow'r thou ſpieſt
A flame, ſuch as the Eaſt ſends forth about
The time the day ſhould break, goe tell the King
I hold the Caſtle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he ſhall find a victory
So cheap 'twill looſe the value. If I fall,
The world has loſt a thing it us'd not well;
And *I*, a thing *I* car'd not for; that world.

Stra. Lead us on Coronell;
*I*f we doe not fight like _____

Bren. No like.
Wee'l be our ſelves ſimilitude
And time ſhall ſay, when it would tell
That men did well, they fought like us.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Agen.

Bren. WHat made the ſtop?
One in's falling ſickneſſe had a fit

which

Knowing 'tis your pleaſure:
As I ſhall ha ve no pleaſure in my life
Knowing it is your trouble.
Alm. Oh poor —— I lookt for this.
I knew th' wouldſt find 'twas eaſier to doe a wrong
Then juſtifie it -- but ——
Iphi. I will not fight —— heare me:
If I love you not more, then *I* love her;
If I doe love her more then for your ſake;
Heaven ſtrangely puniſh me.
Alm. Take heed how thou doſt play with heaven.
Iphi. By all that's juſt, and faire, and good,
By all that you hold deare, and men hold great;
I never had laſcivious thought, or ere
Did action that might call in doubt my love
To *Almerin*.
Alm. That tongue can charme me into any thing;
I doe beleev't, prethee be wiſer then.
Give me no further cauſe of jealouſie,
Hurt not mine honour more, and *I* am well.
Iphi. But well —— Of all
Our paſſions, *I* wonder nature made
The worſt, foule jealouſie, her favorite.
And if it be not ſo, why took ſhe care
That every thing ſhould give the monſter Nouriſhment,
And left us nothing to deſtroy it with?
Alm. Prethee no more, thou plead'ſt ſo cunningly
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I will be gone to morrow if that will ſatisfie. *I*ndeed
I ſhall not reſt untill my innocence
Be made as plain as objects to the ſence.
Alm. —— —— —— Come;
You ſhall not goe, *I*le think upon't no more.
" Diſtruſts ruine not friendſhip,
" But build it fairer then it was before ——

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Brennoralt: Captaines, Stratheman: Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every company;
For many hands are theeves, and rob the glory,
While they take their ſhare. how goes the night?

Stra. Halfe ſpent my Lord.
We ſhall have ſtraight,
The Moones weaker light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the officers.
Friends, if you were men that muſt be talkt
*I*nto a courage, *I* had not choſen you;
Danger with its vizard, oft before this time
Y' have look'd upon, and out-fac'd it too;
We are to doe the trick agen, that's all.
Here ——— (drawes his ſword)
And yet we will not ſweare:
For he that ſhrinks in ſuch an action
*I*s damn'd without the help of perjury.
Doran; if from the virgin tow'r thou ſpieſt
A flame, ſuch as the Eaſt ſends forth about
The time the day ſhould break, goe tell the King
I hold the Caſtle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he ſhall find a victory
So cheap 'twill looſe the value. If I fall,
The world has loſt a thing it us'd not well;
And *I*, a thing *I* car'd not for; that world.

Stra. Lead us on Coronell;
*I*f we doe not fight like ———

Bren. No like.
Wee'l be our ſelves ſimilitude
And time ſhall ſay, when it would tell
That men did well, they fought like us.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Agen.

Bren. WHat made the ſtop?
One in's falling ſickneſſe had a fit

which

Which choak'd the paſſage; but all is well:
Softly, we are neere the place. *Exeunt.*

Alarum within, and fight, then enter Almerin (in his night-gowns.

Alm. What noiſe is here to night?
Something on fire —— what hoe,
Send to the Virgin-tower, there is diſorder ——
Thereabouts. *(Ent. Sould.*

Sould. All's loſt, all's loſt:
The enemie's upon the place of armes:
And is by this time Maſter of that,
And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou lieſt. —— *(ſtrikes him.*

Enter Morat.

Mor. Save your ſelfe my Lord, and haſt unto the camp;
Ruine gets in on every ſide.

Alm. There's ſomething in it when this fellow flies.
Villaines my armes, *I'*le ſee what Divell raignes.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Iphi. Looke, the day breakes.

Fran. You thinke *I'*le be ſo kinde, as ſweare
*I*t does not now. *I*ndeed *I* will not ——

Iph. Will you not ſend me neither,
Your picture when y' are gone?
That when my eye is famiſht for a looke,
It may have where to feed,
And to the painted Feaſt invite my heart.

Fran. Here, take this virgin-bracelet of my haire,
And if like other men thou ſhalt hereafter
Throw it with negligence,
'Mongſt the Records of thy weake female conqueſts,
Laugh at the kinde words, and myſticall contrivement.
If ſuch a time ſhall come,
Know I am ſighing then thy abſence *Iphigene*,
And weeping o're the falſe but pleaſing *I*mage.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Francelia, Francelia,
Riſe, riſe, and ſave thy ſelfe the enemy

That

That does not know thy worth, may elſe deſtroy it.
(throwes open the dore.
Ha! mine eyes grow ſick.
A plague has, through them, ſtolne into my heart;
And I grow dizzie: feet, lead me off agen,
Without the knowledge of my body.
I ſhall act I know not what elſe —— *Exit.*
Franc. How came he in?
Deare *Iphigene* we are betrayd;
Lets raiſe the Caſtle leſt he ſhould return.
Iph. That were to make all publique.
Feare not, *I*le ſatisfie his anger:
I can doe it.
Franc. Yes, with ſome quarrell;
And bring my honour, and my love in danger — { *Enter*
Look he returns, and wrecks of fury, { *Almerin*
Like hurried clouds over the face of heaven,
Before a tempeſt, in his looks appeares.
Alm. If they would queſtion what our Rage doth act
And make it ſin, they would not thus provoke men.
—— *I* am too tame.
For if they live *I* ſhall be pointed at,
Here *I* denounce a warre to all the world,
And thus begin it —— (*runs at Iphigene*)
Iphi. What haſt thou done —— (*falls*)
Franc. Ah me, help, help. —— (*wounds Francelia*)
Iphi. Hold.
Alm. 'Tis too late.
Iphi. Rather then ſhe ſhall ſuffer,
My fond deceits involve the innocent;
I will diſcover all.
Alm. Ha! —— what will he diſcover?
Iphi. That which ſhall make thee curſe
The blindneſſe of thy rage. —— *I am a woman.*
Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold!
Becauſe thy perjury deceived me once,
And ſaved thy life, thou thinkeſt to eſcape agen.
Impoſtor, thus thou ſhalt. —— (*runs at him,*

Iphi. Oh hold — *I* have enough.
Had *I* hope of life, thou ſhouldſt not have this ſecret.
Franc. What will it be now?
Iphi. --My father having long deſir'd
A ſonne to heire his great poſſeſſions.
And in ſix births ſucceſſively deceiv'd,
Made a raſh vow; oh how raſh vowes are puniſhed!
That if the burthen then my mother went with
Prov'd not a male, he ne're would know her more.
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,
And by the womens kindneſſe nam'd a boy;
And ſince ſo bred: (a cruell pity as
It hath faln out.) *If* now thou findſt that, which
Thou thoughtſt a friendſhip in me, Love, forget it.
It was my joy, --- and -- death. --- *(faints.*
Alm. ——— For curioſity
Ile ſave thee, if *I* can, and know the end
If't be but loſſe of Blood, ——— Breaſts!
By all that's good a woman! -- *Iphigene.*
Iphi. I thank thee, for *I* was ſalne aſleep, before
I had diſpatcht. Sweeteſt of all thy ſexe,
Francelia, forgive me now; my love
Vnto this man, and feare to looſe him, taught me,
A fatall cunning, made me court you, --- and
My owne Deſtruction. [*Franc.*] *I* am amaz'd.
Alm. And can it be? Oh mockery of heaven!
To let me ſee what my ſoule often wiſht
And mak't my puniſhment, a puniſhment,
That were *I* old in ſinnes, were yet too great.
Iphi. Would you have lov'd me then? Pray ſay you would:
For *I* like teſtie ſickmen at their death,
Would know no newes but health from the Phyſitian.
Alm. Canſt thou doubt that?
That haſt ſo often ſeen me extaſi'd,
When thou wert dreſt like woman
Vnwilling ever to beleeve thee man?
Iph. I have enough.
Alm. Heavens!

What

What thing ſhall *I* appeare unto the world!
Here might my ignorance find ſome excuſe:
——————————— But, there,
I was diſtracted. None but one enrag'd
With anger to a ſavadgeneſſe, would ere
Have drawne a ſword upon ſuch gentle ſweetneſſe.
Be kind, and kill me; kill me one of you:
Kill me if 't be but to preſerve my wits.
Deare *Iphigene*, take thy revenge, it will
Not misbecome thy ſexe at all; for 'tis
An act of pity not of cruelty:
Thus to diſpatch a miſerable man.

Franc. And thou wouldſt be more miſerable yet,
While like a Bird made priſoner by it ſelfe,
Thou bat'ſt and beat'ſt thy ſelf 'gainſt every thing,
And doſt paſſe by, that which ſhould let thee out.

Alm. ——— ——— *Is* it my fault?
Or heav'ns? Fortune, when ſhe would play upon me,
Like ill Muſitians, wound me up ſo high,
That *I* muſt crack ſooner then move in tune.

Franc. Still you rave,
While we for want of preſent help may periſh.

Alm. Right.
A Surgeon, Ile goe find one inſtantly.
The enemy too -- I had forgot ———
Oh what fatality govern'd this night.

Exit.

Franc. How like an unthrifts caſe will mine be now?
For all the wealth he looſes ſhifts but 's place;
And ſtill the world enjoyes it: ſo will't you,
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I poſſeſſe you not.

Iphi. What excellence of Nature's this! have you
So perfectly forgiv'n already, as to
Conſider me a loſſe? I doubt which Sexe
I ſhall be happier in. Climates of Friendſhip
Are not leſſe pleaſant, 'cauſe they are leſſe ſcortching,
Then thoſe of Love; and under them wee'l live:
Such pretious links of that wee'l tye our ſouls
Together with, that the chaines of the other.

Shall be groſſe fetters to it. [*Franc.*] But I feare
I cannot ſtay the making. Oh would you
Had never un-deceiv'd me, for I'had dy'd with
Pleaſure, beleeving *I* had been your Martyr.
Now ——

Iphi. Shee looks pale. *Francelia* —

Franc. —— —— *I* cannot ſtay;
A haſty ſummons hurries me away:
And --- gives -- no -- *(dies)*

Iphi. —— Shee's gone:
Shee's gone. Life like a Dials hand hath ſtolne
From the faire figure e're it was perceiv'd.
What will become of me? -- Too late, too late
Y'are come: you may perſwade wild birds, that wing
The aire, into a Cage, as ſoon as call
Her wandring ſpirits back. —— ha!
Thoſe are ſtrange faces; there's a horrour in them:
And if *I* ſtay, *I* ſhall be taken for
The murtherer. O in what ſtreights they move
That wander 'twixt death, feares and hopes of love.

A noyſe within. Enter ſouldiers. Shee thinks them Almer.

Exit.

Enter *Brennoralt. Granivert.* Souldiers.

Bren. Forbeare, upon your lives, the place:
There dwels divinity within it. All elſe
The Caſtle holds, is lawfull prize;
Your valours wages. This *I* claime as mine,
Guard you the door —

Grani. Coronell ſhall you uſe all the women your ſelfe?

Bren. Away —'tis unſeaſonable — *(drawes the curtain)*
Awake fair Saint and bleſſe thy poore *I*dolator
Ha! --- pale? --- and cold? ----- dead.
The ſweeteſt gueſt fled, murdered by heaven;
The purple ſtreames not drye yet.
Some villaine has broke in before me,
Rob'd all my hopes; but *I* will find him out,
And kick his ſoule to hell --- *I*le doe't --- Speak.

dragging out Iphigene.

Iphi. What ſhould *I* ſay?

Bren. Speak or by all —— *Iphi.*

Iph. Alas, I doe confeſſe my ſelfe the unfortunate cauſe.

Bren. Oh d' you ſo?
Hadſt thou been cauſe of all the plagues
That vexe mankinde, th' adſt been an Innocent
To what thou art; thou ſhalt not think repentance. (*kils her.*

Iph. Oh, thou wert too ſuddaine.
And ——— (*dies.*

Bren. Was I ſo?
The luſtfull youth would ſure have ſpoil'd her honour;
Which finding highly garded, rage, and feare
To be reveal'd, counſell'd this villany.
Is there no more of them? *Exit.*

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Not enter?
Yes dogge, through thee — ha! a courſe laid out
In ſtead of *Iphigene*: *Francelia* dead too? — (*Enter Bren.*
Where ſhall *I* begin to curſe?

Bren. Here ——— *If* he were thy friend.

Alm. *Brennoralt*;
A gallant ſword could ne're have come
In better time.

Bren. *I* have a good one for thee,
If that will ſerve the turne.

Alm. *I* long to trie it,
That ſight doth make me deſperate;
Sicke of my ſelfe and the world.

Bren. Didſt value him?
A greater villaine did *I* never kill.

Alm. Kill?

Bren. Yes.

Alm. Art ſure of it?

Bren. May be *I* doe not wake.

Alm. Th' aſt taken then a guiſt off from me,
Would have waigh'd downe my ſword,
Weakned me to low reſiſtance.
I ſhould have made no ſports, hadſt thou conceal'd it.
Know *Brennoralt* thy ſword is ſtain'd in excellence,
Great as the world could boaſt. ———

Bren. Ha ——ha ——how thou art abus'd?
Looke there, there lies the excellence
Thou ſpeak'ſt of, murdred; by him too;
He did confeſſe he was the cauſe.
Alm. Oh *I*nnocence, ill underſtood, and much worſe us'd!
She was alas by accident, but *I*,
I was the cauſe indeed ——
Bre. *I* will beleeve thee too, and kill thee ——
Deſtroy all cauſes, till *I* make a ſtop
*I*n nature; for to what purpoſe ſhould ſhe
Worke agen?
Alm. Bravely then,
The title of a Kingdome is a trifle
To our quarrell Sir; know by ſad miſtake
I kill'd thy Miſtres *Brennoralt*,
And thou kild'ſt mine.
Bren. Thine?
Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*
Though ſhowne as man unto the world,
Was woman, excellent woman ——
Bren. *I* underſtand no riddles guard thee. — *Fight and*
Alm. O could they now looke downe, *pauſe.*
And ſee how wee two ſtrive
Which firſt ſhould give revenge,
They would forgive us ſomething of the crime.
Hold prethee give me leave
To ſatisfie a curioſity ——
I never kiſſed my *Iphigene* as woman.
Bren. Thou motion'ſt well, nor have *I* taken leave *(Riſing.*
*I*t keeps a ſweetneſſe yet ——
As ſtills from Roſes, when the flowers are gone.
Alm. Even ſo have two faint Pilgrims ſcorch't with heat
Vnto ſome neighbour fountaine ſtept aſide
Kneel'd firſt, then laid their warm lips to the Nymph
And from her coldneſſe took freſh life againe
As we doe now ——
Bren. Lets on our journy if thou art refreſht.
Alm. Come and if there be a place reſerved

For

For heightned ſpirits better then other,
May that which wearies firſt of ours have it.
Bren. If *I* grow weary, laugh at me, that's all
Alm. —— Brave ſoules above which will
Be (ſure) inquiſitive for newes from earth
Shall get no other but that thou art Brave.
Enter *King: Stratheman: Lords: Minſe.*
Stra. To preſerve ſome Ladies as we gueſt.
King. Still gallant, *Brennoralt*, thy ſword not ſheath'd yet?
Buſie ſtill? ——
Bren. Revenging Sir
The fowleſt murder ever blaſted eares
Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene.*
Alm. Falſe, falſe; The firſt created purity
Was not more innocent then *Iphigene.*
Bren. Lives he agen?
Alm. Stay thou much wearied gueſt
Till *I* have thrown a truth amongſt them ——
We ſhall look back elſe to poſterity.
King. What ſayes he?
Lord. Some thing concerning this he labours to
Diſcover.
Alm. Know it was *I* that kild *Francelia?*
I alone ——
Minſ. O barbarous return of my civilities
Was it thy hand?
Alm. Heare and forgive me *Minſe*
Entring this morning haſtily
With reſolution to preſerve
The faire *Francelia.* I found a theefe
Stealing the treaſure (as I thought)
Belongd to me. Wild in my mind
As ruin'd in my honour, in much miſtaken rage
I wounded both: then (oh) too late *I* found
My errour. Found *Iphigene* a woman
Acting ſtolne love, to make her own love ſafe
And all my jealouſies impoſſible
Whilſt I ran out to bring them cure;

Fight a- & *good while* *Alm. fals.*

Francelia dies; and *Iphigene* found here
I can no more _____ *(dies)*
King. Moſt ſtrange and intricate.
Iphigene a woman?
Mel. With this ſtory I am guiltily acquainted
The firſt concealments, ſince her love
And all the wayes to it I have bin truſted with:
But Sir my greife joyn'd with the inſtant buſines
Begges a deferrement.
King. I am amaz'd till I doe heare it out.
_____ But ith' mean time,
Leaſt in theſe miſts merit ſhould looſe it ſelfe,
_____ Thoſe forfeitures
Of *Trock* and *Menſeck* and *Brennoralt* are thine.
Bren. A Princely guilt! But Sir it comes too late.
Like Sun-beames on the blaſted bloſſomes, doe
Your favours fall: you ſhould have giv'n me this
When't might have rais'd me in mens thoughts, and made
Me equall to *Francelia's* love: I have
No end, ſince ſhee is not _____
Back, to my private life I will returne.
" Cattell, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.
King. This melancholy, time muſt cure: Come take
The bodies up, and lead the priſoners on,
Triumph and funerals muſt walke together,
Cipreſſe and Laurell twin'd make up one chaplet.
_____ For we have got
The day; but bought it at ſo deare a rate,
That victory it ſelfe's unfortunate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.